

RANJANA PIERIS

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Bodmin Landscape Project: Unofficial notes

29th May, to 2nd July

Saturday 29th of May,

This is the second version / edition of my notes since the first note book was almost totally destroyed on 2nd of June, a Wednesday, after heavy rainfall. I was given this notebook on the 4th of June, a Friday, when we were free for a day. I will try to rewrite everything as it was written on the day ...

I suppose every journey has a beginning and this one is no different. I woke up on the 29th Sunday AM, my brother's illness had pulled me up. I wanted to use this the day before as an excuse for, turning upon Sunday. As it was Eric was against me and I could not get in contact with the fieldwork supervisor, he was unavailable. I woke up very tired and started packing my bags on Friday. (I am unsure of what I said here but I believe

It referred to my great dislike of being away from home). This weakness that I used to be away for a month more likely to say to it is because of this weakness that I decided to be away for a month). I still can't believe that in this journey I am by myself. Now is it that I have ended up like this? I ask myself whether I have the courage to continue this journey or if not we always stay in the company of strangers or the stubbornness to fight the sleep that within my mind.

I don't know what will meet me when I arrive at Bozcaada but I usually sleep afterwards. Something I notice when I stop reading the alarm clock to wake up. (I don't know what this exactly means but I get the feeling that when I cannot be in place I need an alarm clock to wake up).

This book is here at all times though. It is supposed to bring me the memories and the people I miss. I also hope to carry that

some studies over there (I was on the trip at the time). I hope I make a few good friends, something I have not made for a long time.

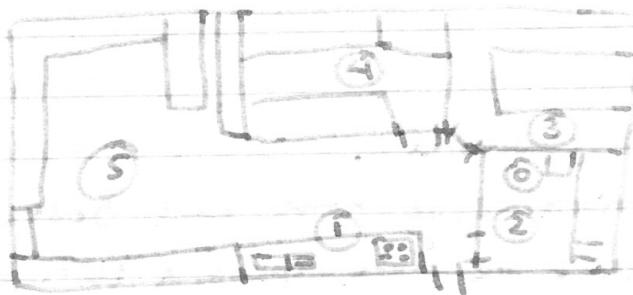
30th of May, Sunday.

I arrived 2.30 hours early yesterday believing that we were supposed to meet up at 6.00 PM when it was really at 2.30 PM. If I had gone along with them last time I would not have forgotten some crucial items such as those clothes and sister's aigas razor for my own. I spent this time reading up Robert Johnson book.

When we were collected, at 7.30 PM, I felt an unbearable loss - no, simply put I missed home when I realized that I would be away for a month - closer to five weeks.

Things are not so bad at the campsite. The owner has a television, a kitchen - with all the required utensils, and a bathroom/tile. It is quite large. The only thing that annoyed

it. Unfortunately I am sharing an extremely small room which can hardly accommodate two people.



Key

1. Kitchen
2. Bathroom + toilet
3. Single large bedroom
4. Small double bedroom
5. Living room - Television, cupboard, table and seats.

I am sharing my room with Andrew (numbers). Poorle. His accent would revert a South African and possibly somewhat more. He was talking a bit about the cricket yesterday. I believe he must be a project supervisor or something or something like that. Not both per se though I am

who was the single bedroom arrived at 1.30 AM yesterday - No sorry I mean today. At the time Andrew was sleeping in the single bedroom - we decided that there was no point wasting a good opportunity when it was clear that both of us could have their own privacy. This of course was not said but I am sure as hell that we were both thinking about it. In fact we have been doing so.

All the people appear friendly. I know Katia, Nigel and Andrew somewhat better than the rest.

Katia is from Switzerland - her interview appears to be somewhat strike nine, but she does many interviews. Her main interest is Prehistory which I find a very difficult term to comprehend - a relative term. She has travelled throughout south west, mainly to Nepal, India and Sri Lanka and I - at the finding out she enjoyed the beauty of the experience she got with native people. She has disagreed with the local people over what

In Timor-Leste and other regions where I was, was one person of the native of some people. Differently, in the Bobonar Project, the island of the photographers. Nigel is a future student who works in a hotel. He is the guy responsible for helping people (I cannot remember the exact term). He is currently in the 5th year of his studies. Good command of language and an overly optimistic person. His attempts are to be friendly to all people. Clearly learned from his trade and ingrained within himself. His communication at times reveal him as the dominant one - too much if you ask me, and he talks too much showing an interest in just about anything.

I am a very impulsive person by nature. Even though I am outwardly friendly and helpful. I don't really know what the native and purposes of these people are. I will keep my eyes open so as to be aware of who they are very rarely are. I got the feeling that they, although being good people, could not

Pik rate the role of trusted friend, well all in
spite from Katie who is a very good person.
However I will try not to erect this barrier
prematurely.

We went to the site at 6:00 PM. I was
impressed by its sheer magnitude. It stood
out from the rest of the landscape - a column
of stone similar to a cairn or a pyramid.
The best part was when it actually showed itself
from the mist. I was looking for it as I
approached but could not see it. Then as I
got closer the mist became clearer and it
just stood out ... It impressed me, not
because people had lived there or due to its
archeological interest but because of its
pleasing aesthetic qualities. Wonderful.

I met Hurst today. He is the third
member in our team here. A Canadian,
though his accent would too many like an
American. He was great interest in the
knowledge of others. In particular he

with others - He has a strong character and
has a clear position when it comes to many
and political questions. I am impressed
with these qualities but with his attitude
etc. I have not completely concretized my
standards yet. Though carrying the traditional
aspects of Nyerere does not show the
submissive qualities.

Northern Blot

Freezing out on the site - Having the
11 am tea break. The groups will be
observed &

5. Garret, Katie - 2g Andrew, Andrew,
Andrew, Myself 1.5 + silver, silver

③ 22.000 m.s. Mike, Lee, Fr.
9 Nov.

It really feels cold. I am shaking a lot with this. I think it's time. I can see that my hands are beginning

different from the surrounding is not completely correct. There are mountains with similar deposits.

less cold, much better when we are working, I would feel the cold. We are currently eating lunch at a structure supposedly representing a house. A rough circle which forms the house. The entrance faces downhill looking into a small stream valley. I believe it might have been larger with more trees during the Bronze age.

Not an supervisor-like, or angry when done as way. He talked to all the other people - a positive test because the capabilities of the people. He works himself as a confident worker - I sense he is underneath a decent character who wants the job done properly.

It is June, Friday.

My proposal to educate people to do,

active. I fear I might make more enemies than friends. I think this is due to my deeply religious nature. Already I am angered & irritated with my beliefs of life. A difficulty - born out of my beliefs - the equalities and the universal similitude of all people. I suppose I am biased in favour of my own views - can't help that. But I get the feeling she views me as a child. - a big difference of opinion.

Right now we are moving towards the hour long. flat hill road - under the supervisor. I should write down the village hierarchy just for fun. I now know the names of nearly all the people.

Can spot the individual people. Those who either interact with the world or maintain some distance from the rest - still with energy. Few and never any distance my mountain seems to be the rest. Places I travelled possibly within the hours. Kasin and several places

top of the rock, next to the turf cutting.
Now I gave the appearance of being separate
but also being part of the group. I was
very nervous as to how Dr Hamilton
would see this, would she think that
I had some anger with the group? that I
had got tired of the group? Her views and
everyone else's matter's very much to me.
Now I attempted to keep my distance -
without making how I was feeling very
clear. This of course is not saying that
I was tired of the group or that I was
hate sick. It is not though I did
think how they are a Herd (that day).
So I assumed the pose of sleeping and
had that alert sleep that I have always
been having like. As soon as this
clanging lunch is over - I get up
with my travel in mind. Here will
feel bored of work. I seem with
it trying to leave it & appliances

interpret features), how they interpret the site and how the whole archaeological process is carried out. Surprisingly I don't feel bored or so bad as to say I can't work any longer. I don't complain about the work because it is a challenge - to learn and to experience - which motivates my search for knowledge and understanding.

At the site we took off another spit and I as usual cleared between rocks - Not exactly fun especially since I got myself lost and scratched trying to search between difficult granite. After this is being cleaned it when sometimes impossible! It's just getting it right so that there is pleased, that one never complains that the work has been done badly.

After collecting the earth we sieved it. It was the went looking for some sharp fragments or broken pottery.

I went back mining so far by leaving Mike's trench. But again hardly anyone has found anything substantial. Mike is generally pleased by our good work.. He said that so far he hasn't found anything on the spoil heap. I suggested ~~to just~~ as although that it was due to our good group being the best. Of course this was not the real reason, the real reason being the good weather we have had so far.

Katie was leaving the day after, I wanted to say goodbye and hopefully tell her to keep contact. However this I will leave to later on. I returned home happy (as did Gareth) due to our belief that Andrew was returning. I decided to prepare a meal (Chinese style fried chicken). Well we needed two frying pans so I went looking for another frying pan. Tess' and I were very busy

wed. so I went over to Katie's to get one. Katie was not in but Katie was. I invited her to dinner but she was already going to Dons. Ben and I said that I would buy her a drink 'tonight'. She accepted and I was very pleased that she did. Well as it turned out I did not get her that drink due to some difficulties with the people present.

Here I refer to the presence of Brian, Tony, Connor, Don, his and mine. I find it difficult to talk in front of large groups especially if I don't know them. Well the problem is that they will talk behind my back and claim that I have similar emotions as others. I don't want to appear 'normal' and I have always tried to keep some distance from too much involvement. Alfonso I believe like is very interested in Katie. He may have seen her birthday and he had this after way look which, here (prote)

Those who have 'certain' interest. He was not alone that day as the two Andrews showed a similar interest in this.
I heard them talking about me, I was not there but they complained to each other that there were too many people. I knew they were in a similar position to my own but unlike them I did keep it to myself. I am very surprised at the behaviour of these two - have they no self control? (Funny how I can say this, especially since I was half dead before). The Andrews can be simply understood. They go after my girl that is of particular interest. I cannot disagree with this position but neither do I follow it in any an overt manner. Mike must have made an attempt with comic book right. I overheard the conversation outside.

Aaron and Mike. In some ways I'm happy, not that Mike failed to try slightly harder but don't know refused. This has only added to my admiration of Katie's good character.

Went to sleep early - disappointed that Andrew had not come back. We had been so happy in his/her car about Andrew's arrival. That Collette was not there was the first blow - that Andrew did not write later was another blow, but I slept knowing that he would be back the next day.

Sunday 26th of June

Today I was determined to say goodbye to Katie but I could not lift myself to do so. Though I said goodbye when she passed us by near the car she did not notice. Her mind appeared to be totally heavy with other thoughts. I'd like to meet her when we get back to university.

Today we looked at possible features.
They appear as brown new circles
usually contained within a complex of
rabbit or vole burrows and set against
the yellowish soil. However these are very
difficult to spot - I can't be very clear
as to how Mike determined how these
features are observed - It has a lot to
do with how postholes were intentionally
placed within the hut, and to the slight
discoloration occurring in the earth's soil.

The feature is cut and half of it
is excavated - I was very careful when
excavating the feature - too careful and
too slow. At first I didn't know
to do it properly so I looked around
as the others. They were going very
fast, I didn't want to look bad but neither
did I want to destroy a possible feature.
I could just hear Mike saying "What
are you doing?" Of course I heard this

as (3PO said in there was supervency). Half the time - know... all the time I worked I did not know what I was doing. Mike is confident - as the supervisor I could not believe that he could have any other attitude.

But day I stayed, again, away from the company of people. The reason behind this was due to particular people and my need for space. Even when I am half asleep I listen what these people say. I am happy that I am not in the eternal presence of Aaron. I think an inferiority complex this would build. However this does not mean that I despise the policies he enacts. In fact I admire those qualities - though I know that having them is not that important at all.

Nike (Aaron) is one of those people who has not come to terms with his own weakness. I fear that he is bent at the last stage feeling better.

partially rests with knowing that someone else is weaker. At times this quality angers me but somehow my R will hold and I return to that contented apathy - or is it something else. (So what! Long, they might call me my things but it doesn't bother me. They call me a fascist - a communist or whatever but so what? I could hate them and sometimes I do... then I remember so what? if I am good to them they can only feel bad. &... but I don't do what is right to get back at anyone... I do it because it will otherwise be wrong.)

To see Andrew coming up front... so happy to see that guy coming up our driveway in Collette (I had only heard of the name of the car the day before). I quickly put my shoes on and tried to take a photo of him getting out of his car - too late but I got one of the

entering the classroom. I was really happy to see him and I believe he was happy to see us. I got the feeling that like (Carman) felt left out, but then he would not have understood some of the stuff we were talking about. Since I did nothing made for him to eat oddly enough Carman thinks that I have a big attraction to food. This is not completely incorrect but it is one of those stereotypes that I helped to build as a tool of humor. Oddly enough building a stereotype is one of the best ways of making people laugh without picking on someone or being rude. I don't feel bad when this happens but neither am I happy it happens, especially when it goes out of control - That is the stereotype it comes a life and character of its own.

Want to sleep too happy and included for me. And we may - big differences

students were much experience. They appear to
mix with people. I think it resulted in the
experienced people talking more with the
students. Not so go out of work.

to the character of the corner as well as
the site. Once I said that his jokes would
become irritating but it is one of those
underworks which has somehow stood out.

Monday 17/27th of June (I have been
a day behind all my dates - I was
sure that I knew the date - what happened
to the extra/other day).

Travelled to site in Andrews (v. 16).
There were three of us in the car - Garrett,
Andrew and myself. Went to hotel to
joke and Andrews eccentric behavior -
drunk - (well sort of eccentric - I've never
ever met anyone like him before)

On site I was still at Hite, cleaning
features out (opening the other side
and clearing around the area - but
after photographs were taken) I still
don't understand how these features
are identified, how due to the

Borithi's way was great. I no longer felt the urge to be separate but and I did not miss the Westmoorgate way. One on Westmoorgate way my hold 'open' sites but the Borithi way is formed of a contoured landscape which gives you more of a sense of travel. Understanding this experience has leads me to conclude that I was near to depression and because I missed the landscape but because I felt alienated from those I walked with. I carried out my morning walks alone (as previous week). The difference in landscape between Borithi and Westmoorgate was incredible. I believe the former reminded me of some African plain. I realize that it might have been too green but with the presence of the herding animals (with their appearance against the landscape) it felt so. I now guide

myself according to the various 'ontcrops' in the landscape. I was amazed last week that some notice to the landscape could guide me exactly to the tool shed. May be it isn't that important but → I normally follow others and this time I followed the landscape.

At site we took off another spit from bank one so as to notice any possible features. Well we did reveal some possibly features but these would have been burrow ridden and to the most part would have been unacceptable. It would appear that Mike and Sue are somewhat desperate to find some features.

The refilling of both new bays today. Richards trench B was refilled and re-turfed today by Tom and Trevor. They are fast workers - partly due to their fitness and partly because they were as tired as I am probably by

rot

Andrew and Kenneth were having their own adult conversation. This does not border on the 'jokes' made by some at the first years but revolves around experienced and their particular character. What is it that makes these two so good at talking to each other? Their age is generally similar and to an extent neither can be seen as being normal (or hardly anyone I have met so far could be called normal). I did not feel alienated from the group as I was clearly part of a small group - thanks to Andrews presence. (I give Andrew too much credit only because he is not part of any group - group under construction, irrespective of their very being).

Apparently Sue has called me a generalist - I heard this from Mike - well I don't say that I am. (I say this) I can do the right things and make

of all time I do it as a means of self-knowledge
and because I know no other way. Some
call me a moralist and a writer with
some disbelief over my claims to
honesty - why should the rules of man be
aimed to be those derived from a god?
I accept the need for some rules not because
some good exists but because I have
chosen to follow some rules - one which
will make for good behaviour and
a better life as well. (not because
of the latter but even if life is tragic
right is enough in itself).

That night I cooked spaghetti bolognese
for everyone in the caravan. As usual they
were pleased with what I had made. I
know it isn't much but it was a demonstration
of friendship and their compliments were
a means of extra recognizing this
and a measure of thanking. As usual
I was very pleased that I had married

to feed us all, with enough left for seconds.

That night Patrick came over for his interview. I didn't feel any animosity myself caused some controversy in the caravan by saying that Cornwall nationalism was a load of 'sh*t' and that Udumchi was a Sri Lankan even though he had lived in Canada for 30 years! (according to Garrett). Sure he had lived there for a long time, but he was born in Sri Lanka and if anything he is a Sri Lankan who is living in Canada - A Sri Lankan Canadian, not solely a Canadian. What Garrett thinks is pure liberal nonsense - what's new? my way of viewing the world is seen to be higher than my other way of viewing the world. Why does he talk so much? does he feel that he has something important to say? I am getting tired of listening - this was one of the reasons I tried to get some

distance. It wasn't like at all. it was
Garrett (well about) with his over the top
comments - he shows too high a level
of interest in women - see its right
to do so - but he may be doing it and
then tells everyone is a bit sick. He
should keep thoughts to himself, especially
close of this nature. I find it odd that
he is so interested in talking about
everything - clearly what I would be
of him; 'wise guy', is the correct term
for Garrett. There is some thing which
makes Garrett unstable - His over
sexual comments and the smirking
anger and phor physical combatedness (that
is ready to take physical action) make
him in my eyes slightly unstable. I get
the feeling that maybe about now
he should have open superiority - he used
to feel that he is better than the man.
I would like to add this isn't necessarily

but can I forget I'm writing my own birds. I
feel the feeling that he does not those
most polite interactions, & I guess the big
bright spots to me are seeing the world
only through his own eyes. His moderation
is a quality which adds to that shyness
which is almost already part of it. Honesty
which's done - I know because he just feel
content to everything and says so. I have
seen other parts of him since and I hope
the here we found him also open, says
he is excellent & clearly he is constructing
his own self image after the living of
a bright life. Now I caught us that he
feels he needs to work on individualization
and alter, & different from other people as
when I do think he does it all - but that's
because I don't see him as a person

Any place's could make him like him
Tuesday 28th of June, got back to our old
hood weather in the morning before

depressive, turned into bad weather when we arrived at site. Returfing is not the worst fun thing to do in the rain but I do what must be done and what needs to be done. As the weather got better I was given the opportunity to open a feature section which proved to be a definite feature. I am getting better at finding features which seems to be a good thing - finally I am getting the eye of the archaeologist.

Talked a bit to Mike (Supervisor), a very decent guy - Apparently he has had 18 different jobs including delivery clerk. Aaron asked what this means - what Mike delivered - and found out that Mike delivered Bread. Aaron and the rest (including myself) laughed and smiled when Aaron suggested that Mike was a 'Bread boy'. I and Connor couldn't help but smile for some time.

In a way I felt sorry for Mike - that we were laughing at him over this.

However Mike appears to have found his niche -

Wednesday 30th of June

I am writing this on Friday (I have been late writing my journal letter for the past week now)

Richard joined us today on our journey to Lesternick. (He was also there the last day). Today we decided to get some pastries and some postcards in Camelford. Andrew had to return to the caravan site as Richard had forgotten his waterproofs. So Garrett and I had to wait in Camelford while Andrew till Andrew got back. Garrett regards Richard as an idiot - he has no respect or ~~or~~ or for Richard.

Friday 4th of May,

I don't know what these guys are up to - whether they are joking or being serious - but it is enjoyable to listen to what they have to say. I get the feeling that they are working on Tess and anyone else. What is difficult, again, is to place whether they are joking or not. This is especially true for Andrew who tends of the most insane things. Garret just feeds them more things. Their primary beliefs are based on suspicion of other individuals or the circumstances.

Andrew, Garret, Tess and Katia went to some town by the seashore - village probably. Both are back tired and somewhat different. I stayed behind as I was feeling too ill, all we got done work wise. They will go on to the ends of the earth. I get the feeling that the day could have been more productive.

3rd of July.

Return from the site - It was only that morning that I realized the excavation was over. The excavation ended in a disappointing manner. Those whom I had been - worked with - did not say many farewells but proceeded on their separate journeys. I talked to Garreth about this on my way to Bodmin Parkway station. Andrew had left on Thursday evening and now I found myself saying goodbye to Garreth who went off earlier than I to hitch-hike and who I met at the busstop near the Shell Petrol station. Garreth is an individual - he keeps a good distance from people but in the knowledge that people are very useful, I have learnt much from Garreth as well as Andrew. They are 12 to 13 years older than me but they became what I might regard as close friends. I spoke of Garreth earlier

as being potentially dangerous - I was mistaken. He is no more aggressive than any other person.

Returning fills me with sadness - I had got used to the regular lifestyle the excavation had given me. It had set the pattern of my life for five good weeks. I will miss this... I will miss the people and the challenges which were in my path.

I am reminded of a German adaption of 'All quiet on the Western Front'. The soldier returns home but in his heart he is nothing but a soldier. He sees life around him and feels that he is no part of it. I looked around myself today - This city... this home feels so confined. I long for the open space that the hill provided. How I miss the excavation now... I must find another excavation...

Monday 7th of June.

Back after taking a day off due to illness. The Cairn is not really a cairn. Sue was back. I hope Nigel gets the package tomorrow. We have our faces in dirt all the time that we forget to look around the site.

Back at the caravan site, The Pikes had organised a party. Tess, Rebecca, Simon, Nigel, Katia and of course the Pikes came over. I guess it was o.k but without Andrew and Garrett there the party would have died. As soon as Simon left the rest began to quickly leave.

Controversy struck the night when I foolishly opened my big mouth. I was somewhat suspicious that Katia and Nigel may be homosexual and I have been proved of it in a very uncomfortable manner. The question of sexual orientation was asked and I suggested that they behaved as they did because of choice. Nigel was furious

and asked me to follow up on this remark to which I replied that it was due to a cultural logic (what I should have added was that it also involved psychological characteristics - learned behaviour formed by experience which leads to some kind of cognitive decision). I did not want to pursue this matter further when Nigel seemed so outraged. To tell the truth I kind of respect Nigel for his overwhelming optimism and I feel somewhat sorry for him as he seemed to carry a burden of suffering. Anyway Nigel wanted me to justify my position, to follow it up. By this time it was late to completely retreat - I halted and I refused to continue. Nigel persisted but I refused. They called me as following 'hypocrisy'. I know I had lost the case as soon as I saw Nigel's face and I only refused because if I had persisted I would have caused too great a stir and ruined my reputation for being a 'half' decent

bloke. I am ashamed that I say but I felt that it was for the good of the whole. I don't want a whole lot of angry people on site. To tell the truth I don't want to anger these people - why should I when it is in all our interest that we all get along.

I am not ashamed by what I said. I know that this is the truth. People are ultimately chosen of their faith. (In a micro-social way). Those who are homosexual have chosen it after life experiences have led them to distrust the opposite sex or find them unlikely to be objects of sexual desire. I can't create a general rule because there is no one - better to look into the 'individual history' to come up with the explanation. I admit that I do come from a certain moral standpoint but does that make my beliefs wrong?

What I deplore is the liberal lobby who are quick to knock things which

are 'politically incorrect'. They call us fascist and other words of abuse. They claim that we are at the fringes of society and that we are worthless objects which create hatred and anger. It is not we who are at fault but them. They feel already so weak that they must push us around to be a joke. If I do not conform to their 'correct' thinking then I am laughed at. There is nothing I hate more than being belittled. I will endure for now but only in the knowledge that I am correct.

I know Katie and Nigel see me as being too young to understand anything. They explain me away in this manner. well there is more to it than that. I know I am better than them when it comes to this. (I didn't really mean that - a foolish or inappropriate comment)

Tuesday 8th of June

Talked to Dr Hamilton in the morning -
(she talked to me to find out about my thesis)
I asked about the project aims and enquired
how difficult it is to interpret the site
diaries when the Hawthorne effect is in
action. Since we know these accounts will
be read won't we be writing with this
in consideration? Of course we make ambiguous
remarks which can carry different meanings.

At the site we were mostly splitting
away layers which represent the peaty
organic substance. It is at times difficult
to know how deep I should go so I
assume a cautious position and
remove small layers each time. I
would prefer not to destroy any evidence
at all.

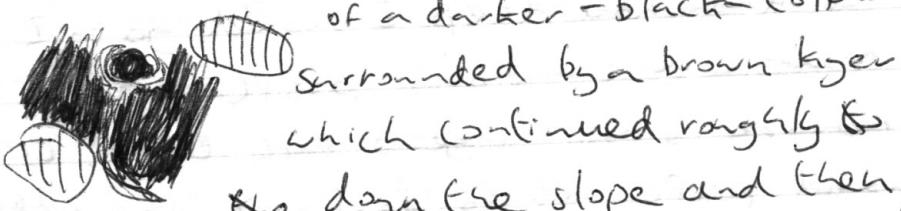
We were introduced in the manner in
which to interpret post-holes. Basically
a group of circles which form into the
supports, possibly of the post. Funnily

we were shown a semi-circle on top of a rock surface as being a possible post-hole. I continue to have some difficulty in grasping this idea.



~~John~~ Garret was the first in our caravan to criticise this point most vehemently. I myself will accept Sue's and Mike's interpretation that it is possible that the soil layer, supporting the post has been washed away. I will enquire further about this.

Furthermore we were shown an example of a possible rabbit warren. It was a circle



of a darker - black colour surrounded by a brown layer which continued roughly to the down the slope and then curved left. Garret later complained that the differentiation of soil might be due to the 'stream' of water that had existed before and because of the big puddle that existed afterwards.

Again I don't know but if the top layer had been removed again how could it be that such a layer was ~~a rabbit~~ not a rabbit warren or a possible post hole - which it isn't. The problem lies with identification as always. How do archaeologists base their assumptions? It is always on some material pattern which our supervisors believe these to be. In a way I am willing to trust them. But at the same point I listen to the valid points Garret Hayes made; if anything he has shown that some require a better explanation or allow archaeologists come to an assumption than anything else.

Digging turf is o.k if we knew where we were to go towards. I have learnt to sample the soil using colour, colour and sound (to a degree) but it is not easy when we are told to keep the slope. Often I forget about this and I dig too deeply. Luckily my caution has allowed

the fortune of not going too deeply.

I asked Mike about helping out with some of the leveling. He said to remind him of that. I made a mistake last time but I will learn from this and hopefully progress into something better.

I talked to Tess somehow. We hardly appear to have any common interest apart from a possible weird sense of humor. I was converted in the car, that when Tess smiles her whole face smiles but that is because she has a small face. I am not being cruel - I personally think that she is very pretty - but her face is too round and it kind of gives that show of lacking experience and being somewhat naive. I didn't know such innocence existed after the age of 17. A face like Tania's carries a stern character. One such as Tess' shows a love of life. Both are good qualities. Sharon had one which showed her prominent facial

structure - striking - Her accent is difficult to place but I'd say it was from London and that she came from an upper-class background (upper middle really).

Had Beans and Baked Potatoes for dinner, thanks to Carret and Andrew, food meal. Tired now so will sleep. Oh yes talked to Aiya and Anish - doing well. Have had less than usual communication with Katin and Nigel. I really don't know what to say to them.

W

Wednesday 9th of June.

I was moved into a new French today. Christ is my new French supervisor. At first I did not feel like moving - I preferred to stay at the place I already knew. But you know what, time goes quickly at Christ French! It's amazing, it's not like we were talking all the time, or that we were working nonstop, but time went quite quickly.

Chris' trench is set outside / behind house 39, Miles was at House 1, so far they have had as many finds as at house One. We have four people working there, Chris, Ken, Tania and myself. Talked to Chris, very funny bloke - very good jokes. They hit you better because he has a ~~aura~~ of seriousness. This veneer disappears when he makes his jokes - these however are based on a discourse. Tania knows quite a bit about politics and world affairs but her views are ^{not} in a similar light to my own. I get the feeling that she is impressed by me - she was standing close to me and did laugh at my 'weak' jokes. I suppose that is a good thing.

To begin with we cleaned the trench and then proceeded to clear it of any obtrusive stones. Photographs and planning were conducted when we were doing nothing, for the former, and mucking one section, for the latter.

Very sunny day, though bit windy.

Thursday 10th of June

Continued work at Chris' trench. We hacked away the talus into the Rab. Chris is a great supervisor. He lets you get on with the job after giving some direction. He does not look over your shoulder and scan for mistakes. It gives you some more confidence in what you do. However I do feel a bit split away from the rest of the group. I got to do some leveling yesterday.

The still goes quickly but today I was very, very tired. I marked a three rock outcrop as the halfway point between the sled and the trench being dug by Chris.

Ken is a workaholic or a dog's body. He really loves his work so much that he has made his lunch times into a half hour. Tania just follows this

and my complaints are called winging. Ken says "Oh no, not working makes me odd", I can only smile at him while I think - but the weather is so good why don't we just enjoy it. It really gets on me that he is so eager to work, day or night, when I am so tired and just want to rest. He fits into the mould of an 'ansatz'. Nigel is always kowtowing. Yes sir, no sir, 'I'm sorry sir' - what the hell is this. All this behaviour of submissiveness is incredibly stupid! Something is wrong with people like this.

Then there is Katia - like Nigel - something wrong - Garret is leaving on Saturday for a week. Shame we all had a nice thing going on here. I hope we don't get a replacement in here. I wish we all stayed the complete five weeks.

Friday, 11th of June

I don't know why a simple thing has to be changed in to a conflict. Garret needs to get to the station tomorrow morning at about 10.30. He had already told Sue on Tuesday that he needs a lift. Andrew was perfectly willing to give this lift and Garret had already said so. Well Garret went over to

Mike's today and said that Andrew would be giving him a lift in the morning. Mike was not pleased with this and said that Garret should get a cab. I know personally that Garret is not exactly rich - he works really hard to get his money over here in England. Every bit makes a difference to Garret and this he demonstrated on the first day when he did not get a cab and instead walked it. Mike later came over to our caravan and told Andrew that his helping Garret would fuck things up! [

am ashamed to say that I did not do as I should have and tried to quiet things down - should have offered some cheesecake or something. - Got Mike to sit down and have some tea at least - then discussed this so as to find a clever way out of the predicament we were in. Unfortunately I did not and the situation deteriorated, Mike only directed his attention at Andrew, trying to make Andrew capitulate (make him feel guilty and bullying him, (as observed by Gareth and Andrew) Andrew was astonished by this and said that he would use his car, as he thought best. Mike stormed off during this....

I can't believe there was no mood of compromise. leaders should pay great attention to the needs of the people. They must try to accomplish goals in accordance with the people. I must admit that

Likes display would have led to a change
of opinion and action in me. I would
be bullied into it regardless. I am ashamed
to say it but I would have followed the
hierarchy.. I have been thinking about
Richard - his comment on 'stupid
squaddies' is one which angers me - I
want to be one of these, whatever worse
was that he claimed that he did more of
a useful service to the country than
the military man. what a load of crap.

Intellectualized bourgeoisie mentality,
this is what Richard holds. He acts all
clever and knowledgeable but this is
carried with an air of arrogance. A
dislikeable characteristic in anyone. I
hate all kinds of arrogance. This display
is a show of knowledge which as usual
is critical - and only critical, nothing is
built all is broken - well maybe not
all - It's just like Tania actually.

There are not good leaders here - Chris I am looking into yet and Sue I don't yet know. Mike is alright most of the time - I personally have found him a good supervisor. Richard however is no leader and never will be until he gets off his intellectual high horse.

We went to the Royal Cornwall Fair and Padstow today. The latter was better - The beach is wonderful even though the sand sank quite deep at points and at others we had to cross sharp rock outcroppings, made of slate. Played with the Frisbee, absolutely useless at it - I couldn't throw or catch to save my life. The fair was nothing special. The sky and sands were nothing much - I know now that I dislike the smell of most animals - repulsive, I prefer dealing with plants. Simon was

with us the whole way. Good guy, like me mostly. Shane he is leaving next week, seems like one of the few decent blokes on the excavation.

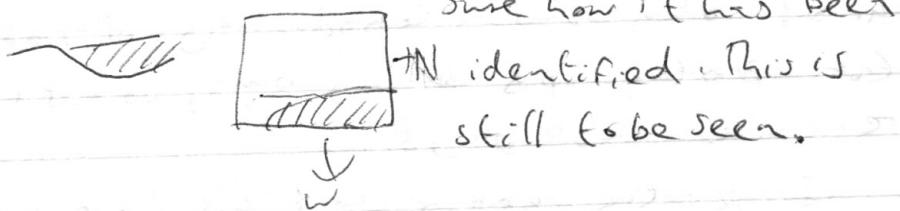
Garret leaves tomorrow. I will miss him. Today was a good day. I need to take photographs of my own, so as to remember these guys.

I get the feeling that we are being excluded by the others. They have interests that greatly differ from those of our own. So far, we have never been invited to another caravan when they go on around each others caravans. These people appear to have separated themselves from us; I can explain this as being due to there being three of us when others appear to come as individuals. Today was generally a very very good day.

saturday 12th of June.

Continued work at Chris's trench.

We believe, at least Chris does, that a significant feature has been found. Here a darker, charcoal filled deposit, cuts into the rav. I myself am not so



sure how it has been identified. This is still to be seen.

Found a large stone circle with what appears to be a smaller circle within it. Don't know whether this is significant or not, still to be seen I guess when I poke around this area.

People don't like Richard much. They say that he is too critical and doesn't let you get on with the job. I am surprised to see so much dissent in the trench over Chris, even the experienced people do not like it. Man, did he look mean and angry today - I think he realises

what is going on, that others have been moved
due to them asking to be moved. I am
curious as to what it is like in Richards
French must experience this. People
don't like Tania much either. The problem
with both of them might be their body
nature or their belief in their own
intellectual superiority.

Now I have arrived to the caravan with
Garrat leaving. I was depressed for
most of the day by Garrat leaving. We
had a great thing going on in this
caravan, why has it been spoilt - I was
so looking forward to that last week
when we would be together again. These
guys are the greatest people I have
met in a very long time. Tired now,
I will go to sleep.

Woke up at 6:30 and had breakfast and
breakfast. It was delicious and
I got back and had a shower
and then I took a walk around town.

Sunday 13th of June,

I look round and I find that I am still the same person...

We are sure that the 'feature' is now an archaeological feature. The dark charcoal filled deposit goes down quite deep. I started today by deturfing the new trench with the help of Ken. Then after lunch I started sieving. Found pieces of slate and I was fortunate enough to get hold of some flint. Chris was pleased about it.

I don't know whether I feel part of the team right now but I believe that at least they have some kind of impression of me, unfortunately it seems to be slightly negative. I am suspicious especially in the case of Ken, I am sure that he has a negative image of me. I just feel that he thinks I'm stupid or something, its as if he explains things very carefully as if I've never done anything before - looking down at me for some reason which Chris and Tania never

(have done), Ken is a real hard worker. I can't keep to his pace, every time I'm there I think Ken works slightly harder, trying to prove that he is better, both as a post-worker and as an archaeologist. It is very condescending to find yourself in a position ~~such~~ as this. I dislike the way I am treated. I didn't want to say all this, I feel that I am being paranoid. However this distrust appears currently to be an innate characteristic which I have not managed to dispose.

Nigel is finally acting friendlier to me, I am pleased not to have alienated him to a great degree. However it continues in my mind that who he is has also been a deviant characteristic. This pairs to insignificance with his other characteristics so I am perfectly willing to forget about all of this other part of Nigel. A moral compromise, which

I am not friendly very keen to have made
Sims's character is an admirable
one. He has that coolness that makes
him an individual. He reminds me of
some of my own qualities, and that makes
him a friend in my book. I must keep
in contact with him after the trip.

Bess has a strong personality - uncompromising and clear. She knows what she likes and dislikes. I am in the shadow again because I held myself there... as always. She was really barking at Andrew today... she's gone, that's for sure. I will ~~one~~ never return to that pit, hating myself and incapable of enjoyable activity. a stiff and reclusive individual. I dislike it only when surrounded by its opposite. This is where I began and this is where I will end; life passes me as always as I walk along in this quest of mine.

Monday 14th June,

I woke up feeling alienated from everyone else. I believe I was depressed, though I refuse to admit this as a definite to myself. After yesterdays observation I am not surprised that this was the case. I believe it was brought on by Garret's departure and the arrival of Mike.

At the site I was moved to Richards trench. Reviews of Richards trench had been very bad and I was not pleased to be moved out of Chris' trench. We worked hard at Chris but it was worth it. I felt as if you were doing something substantial which I couldn't feel at Richards.

Richard gave us an early pep talk - that is to myself, Mike and Roseline. It was just basic stuff about procedure. We had this talk some distance away from the trench - Simon was working

there at that point. Richard is very keen to have competent people working at his trench. I sympathise..but there should be some room to move. Richard likes to be in control of the situation for as long as possible, but he is erratic. This means that he is not consistent in the management of the site. He sometimes is busy working on the site while at another time he work be off writing in his French diary or walking around either clearing the area. I doubt Richard feels that he is in complete control of the situation. However I have no complaints about Richard. All I can say is that five people in a trench is too many. We could hardly move around today without bumping into each other.

I keep wondering why I was moved out of Chris' trench. Ken was getting a bit condescending but the trench

was great and I was working as hard as I could to the best speed I possibly could without destroying any evidence. I get the feeling that the people are making me angry. It again is that feeling of not belonging... but then again hardly anyone talks during lunch.

Andrew's jokes and his insane questions are becoming a small irritant. I keep wondering whether there is a hidden message underneath all these statements. I found it very funny before but now its novelty value is depleting. I guess I am getting a bit paranoid but this is how I have always behaved.

Fay talked to me about something I said yesterday when she was asleep. At lunchtime Fay fell asleep, the day before she had been at the Bodmin exhibition and had talked to three people. I said ~~that~~ very sarcastically that the three people must have been very tiring.

Well Fay talked to me about this and said that I shouldn't write about it here... someone had told her (Sharon) that I made a very cheeky remark... well... I'm writing it anyway.

Mike is a really good guy. He cooked dinner for us today. I would put him in the ~~upper class~~ middle class with a good education at a public school education. I have got used to him being here.

Katia has offered a free drink for anyone who goes to the pub at 9.30 PM. I guess I will go. (didn't get the drink)

Tuesday 15th of June.

Continued work at Richards French. Cleaning it out for all of the day so that any feature, should it exist, may be revealed. We looked for any possible post-hole features and any other features such as the small ditch found at the back of Chris' French. Nothing like this was

found, unsurprisingly). I hope we get made or that we start a new trench. Mike, my Larasor mate, agrees with me on this account. Richard is very eager to find something I believe too much so. We could do with a new trench. But why both Rosilin and Mike may get the chance to look at the stratigraphy properly, to get to grips with other elements of excavation and at least learn something else.

Had a good day at the trench though. We, Mike, Rosilin and myself had some good discourse going on with some good jokes generated. Rosilin is the quiet type... I made a big blunder yesterday when I asked her whether she was from the Republic (of Ireland), well, it shows how ignorant I am of accents of the British Isles; she was a citizen of Scotland. I didn't feel embarrassed at that then and I don't now. What is worse is the naivety

that I demonstrated with Katica at lunchtime. I guess Swiss people don't eat cheese, fondue with gnocchi. Of course I knew this, after all I do remember how fondue was eaten in Asterix. Well at least I don't look that threatening to anyone.

Wednesday 16th of June,

We started today expecting to work at Richards' first trench but hoping that we would begin on his new trench. Well our prayers, at least mine, were answered. We, Roslin and I, began deturfing the trench in front of ~~the~~ house one. I have to get the dimensions - I should say the soon to be trench. Well when we began it was approximately 9.30 am. Roslin worked hard.



She was working harder than me for most of the time. I

~~entry~~

We talked about all kinds of things. I started all the conversation. She has some strong beliefs and also a boy friend, which she made clear - (Funny that, I admit she is pretty and all that) - ... twice...

She has a beautiful accent... that's for sure.

Anyway she showed early on that she was quite tired.. heavy breathing and some resting. We continued until lunch.

After lunch she looked ~~bad~~ as if she was asleep or just resting, being the idiot I am I did not ask her if she was O.K.

I grew worried when I got back and started work with Tania and Katie (newly moved and temporarily) and she did not.

I suggested that one of us find out ~~back~~ whether she was O.K or not. Katie got back from the lunch house and said that Rosilin did not want to come back as she was too tired. I reported this to Richard who was pleased

(that it was he who was told about this. Rosalin did not work for the rest of the day). There was a small ruckus on this issue in our trench. I should have been calmer but unfortunately I was not. Richard felt that this was the case - I was panicked and said the obvious. Well Rosalin was brought back to the site with the help of ~~Rich~~ Tania and Andrew Mayfield. Andrew constructed a small shelter using his waterproofs and Rosalin stayed in there for the rest of the day.

Rosalin looked OK that night.

I talked a bit with Katie. I was very impressed by her knowledge of the military and her experiences. ~~While~~ Katie has some force of character which makes her a stronger personality. Something about her stands out. This I must find out.

Rosalin appears to have a superficial fragility which hides a possible heavy temper & I only noticed this when I talked about politics and privacy... she felt very strongly that personal lives and dealings of individuals should not be open to public scrutiny - public revelation. Katie was worried about the detouring. She was unsure whether she could and had done it properly. Rosalin on the other hand went for it. Katie has some form of fear of authority... she was worried that she will be shouted at if she disappears... that is looks for Rosalin. (I am glad that one of us was sent to recover her)

That night I had a conversation with Mike on what I write on my diary. He writes about the landscape which I hardly write about. To me its always there and something you could enjoy

at certain moments and get wed to
for most of the time. He writes mainly
about this which I am uncomfortable
with writing here. I prefer ~~a~~ study of
personalities... to understand them in a
way allows me to understand my own
position. Mike was curious about this
and he asked me these things. He is
a better archaeologist than I am,
and ~~is~~ probably many other things,
probably. A very good bloke... I will
get to know him better as he has
a personality which tries to get along
with people & Mike never makes you
feel uncomfortable.

Thursday 17th of June.

Andrew left in the morning without
even waking us up. I wish he had at least
done this. I feel somewhat disappointed with
this. I believed he was at least going to

say bye. However - he is not leaving for good which is just great - I am pleased to know he is coming back.

At the site I helped Dr Hamilton with the phosphate analysis. We took samples from the ~~red~~ outside which required the following.

- ① Writing on both sides of a bag about the site code (LW399), sample number, the colour (related to Munsell) and the pH.
- ② Finding the colour
- ③ Collecting a soil sample which fills in approximately $\frac{1}{3}$ of the paper bag.
- ④ Placing a tag ~~on~~ where the sample was taken.

This was then written in Mike's folder and given a context number - basically how that soil horizon relates to other features or stones.

afterwards I went back to Richard's French.
Unfortunately Katie was not working there.
Andrew, Mike and Rosalyn were - but
knowing Andrew properly I did not attempt
long drawn out conversation or jokes when
Andrew was around.

The Phosphate analysis was a boring
job - well at least taking the samples
were - I must admit that I did not wake
up that morning with total confidence -
after all I was slightly surprised by
Andrew's sudden departure. Dr Hamilton
showed great patience with me - I am
surprised that she didn't actually shout
at me for some early stupid mistake - O.K.
I was so nervous that I kinda misunderstood
her. I got faster and more
confident at what I did as time went
faster -

Richard is an O.K. bloke - people are
too critical of him at points - he is

To an extent too methodical and because of this he sometimes slows the process down a bit. However he does have the ability to take some ~~fun~~ bitter jokes which is pleasant - He can turn things around which is great - Some recognition is due - His manner however is totally eccentric. His 'Ahh's' remind me of my 'Umm' - not sure of what he is doing or saying and worried that he may have got it wrong. Mike and I joked about this that night.

Tess' party (Tania cooked Lasagna while Tess made the dessert) was O.K. Mike made sure I went for it. It was O.K. Andrew and Andrew and Ken became slightly drunk. I don't know whether this means anything or not but Tess sat down next to me making sure that she touched me closely - you know just scraping against you - this she never did with Andrew who ~~she~~ clearly liked

her. I ~~had~~ helped Tess do the washing before this - which Andrew saw and insisted he has job instead (I let him take my place - I really don't care). I have to admit that Tess is probably the most beautiful girl (for her age) at the site. She is just a site to look at with her beautiful blonde hair - Wow! We went to the pub later on and she ~~had~~, Rosalyn, Louise and at least some others danced. What a sight - I was tempted to dance (Andrew and Andrew were already dancing) but as always my fear of what embarrassment this would lead to prohibited me from actually doing this. I wish I had danced with Tess - she is the most stunning girl I have seen.

Friday 18th of June

Woke up at 8.45 am so that I could help Simon with his stuff. Unfortunately Simon was leaving that day. I get the feeling that Simon could have been one of those people I could have called a good friend. Right now I call him a friend. Harry came to the bus stop at about the same time we reached it.

We left for Nigel's 'rough Willy' tour at about 10.30 PM. I went in the car with Louise - who was driving -

~~Ross~~ Katie and Rosalind. The journey

was quiet for the most part - how sad.

If Andrew was driving we would have had a great laugh - what a great guy Andrew is! - with Gareth they make an explosive combination!

We first went to Tintagel. Castle was OK. Very little left of it. I made my usual bitter jokes - picking on things so that I could make some snide comment.

Tintagel is great place for sights. The climb at points is steep but when you reach the top you can observe the surrounding area - especially the sea. Closer to the seaside the sea is green but looking out to the sea it turns blue. With the sunlight it is a sight to be seen. I wish I could have been by myself to look at the sea meeting the sky on the distant horizon but unfortunately I was not.

Tintagel is a small town which attracts tourists - both historical and possibly 'new age' tourist! There were two shops there that looked after the interest of these 'new agers' and those other curious tourist. I felt 'sick' inside them - There was a strange smell similar to all ~~the~~ the temples and churches I have visited. Here it was a sweet smell. The shops sell ceramics of weird things - dwarfs, and other figurines, and other toys.

Saturday 19th of June

Carried out more phosphate analysis.

I am very pleased to think that they, Dr Hamilton and Mike, see me as a competent student. I must say that I don't feel that confident. I try my best to work as hard as possible missing out sometimes my break or shortening. I feel very responsible but at the same time I feel a burden on myself. I am aware that my actions are influential on this project and I fear making mistakes. Naturally responsibility means exactly this but I guess I am trying to explain the difference between learning about it and knowing how to handle it with some ease. I actually taught Tania how phosphate analysis was carried out - I tried my best not to sound ~~too~~ condescending or to be too dull with the process but I feel that I did not capture Tania's complete attention - My fault for failing to

make it sound good but I also feel that she was not that prepared to listen to me. But then why should she? She is older and more experienced than me and so is she not in a higher state than I am? I suppose I am being too suspicious of the people around me, whether they trust me and how they see me. This paranoid side of me has made me miss many opportunities. Maybe I should just go for it and not care what people think of her. A great dilemma.

Most of the day was spent carrying out phosphat analysis. I wish I could be faster doing it but I have always been slightly too slow. I compensated for it by working longer hours - missing out ~~on~~ ~~some~~ some time in my break and my lunch hour. I felt guilty that I was not faster doing it. However it was not guilt alone that drove me. I also

enjoyed the knowledge of working when others were resting. I suppose it is a sense of power or of strength. You are working when others are resting. You don't need much rest while others do.

Rest is for those who are 'novices' while 'veterans' don'ts. Following the supervisory example.

Following the phosphate analysis / sampling I worked at Richards. Fred A. Richard was working there with Eleanor for most of the day. He has lost a lot of people from his authority. I wonder whether the complaints lodged against him have resulted in this loss of 'people power', after all the more people under you the ~~no~~ higher up you are likely to be in the hierarchy. Richard is a decent bloke - I made some comments about him that I take back now. He is not completely arrogant although he is possibly too forward. Some

subtle talk might be of greater suitability.
However this depends on the person you
talk to. I personally dislike subtle
statements that leave me in ~~doubt~~ of
what is meant. I prefer people to be slightly
more forward to me - as in "could you
get this or that rather than we may
need this" I suppose when people
say something like that I can't get it
through my head that they actually want
something.

Returned back to the caravan site as
I had left in Louise's car with
Mike and Tess. Doesn't feel the same
as when we were in Andrews car. What
a difference - People so quiet listening
to tape being played - what
irritation; that music keeps playing in
my mind at the site. I wish it
would stop. Can't wait to here some ~~bad~~
proper music such as Wagner, Beethoven

Mozart, Prokouef, Dr. Dre, Snoop doggy dog, Duran Duran, Alphaville and my favorite right now the James Bond themes.

Louise and Tess - sometimes like singing along to the music. I wish I could do this but it makes me really uncomfortable. I must also complain that we are using the short walk these days - the longer walk is much more interesting - It has more contours and to me it carries more memories than this 'lame' short one. There's hardly anything to be seen on the short walk. and it carries no attachment emotionally. I can't get to go back to normal - I hope Andrew will go for the ~~short~~ long walk.

I helped Mike cook dinner - His idea was brilliant, Marvelous taste.

Chicken ~~qui~~ made with some Chinese tomato sauce - spiced of course and with onions, carrots and green peppers.

We ate outside and I enjoyed it thoroughly. Then I asked him a few questions of what he believed in. He holds on to the illusion of love - he believes that one day he will find 'true love'. Good luck to him - I have already chosen to ignore this Falacy and do what I must in this one life.

He of course complained that we were going too deep for any conversation. I accept I am guilty for doing this but then probing like this is a very interesting thing to do. Mike has far greater experience of life than I do. Then again just about no everyone else has far greater experience of life than I do. He is only 19 and already he has qualities and skills that I lack and will never probably find. Of course I am jealous of this - I know it to have been my own fault but I like to

explain it away saying that maybe he is richer than we and that he did not have the 'bad' lifestyle I had. However I know that what I am doing is making an excuse for my own failings - always finding an excuse for my own faults.

Mike wasn't very happy when I beat him in three games of darts. He is and was better than me but somehow luck was with me and I had confidence about my abilities. Mike soon went back to the caravan saying he needed to make a call - I forgot to explain why I was ~~so~~ pissed off with him slightly. He cut his finger preparing the meal and I suggested that he put it in some ice. Well I didn't know he had first aid qualifications and he told me that he was a qualified first aider making 'remarks' on my previous suggestion. Well I was slightly pissed

off that he said that he made a big deal about it and cursed a bit too much for my liking. In a way I was hurt that he ignored and attacked my suggestion. I am older than him after all so I should be in a better position. Then again this is a lot of emp. why should being older mean you know better - after all there is only a difference of one year between us. It means absolutely nothing.

Talked that night to Andrew Loader. I could not believe that both Andrews were after Tess - well I knew about Andrew Mayfield being after Tess but who could have guessed Andrew Loader was. I had earlier been suspicious of Loader - still to be seen I suppose.

Tess looked a bit disturbed that night, she appeared as if she disliked what was going on. I am not that surprised if she feels confined when

all the males approach her and want to be with her. She probably gets a kick out of it at times but right now it looks like A. Mayfields continued pursuit has possibly depressed Tess slightly.

I get the feeling that Andrew M has walked Tess out for himself and he looks at anyone who approaches Tess with glaring and angry eyes. He asserts his influence and command of Poor Tess.

I suppose this is possibly a misinterpretation. This too is to be seen.

It can't be helped Tess is really pretty and everyone would like to go out with her but even though I feel this damned push I have managed to keep a relatively safe distance. Always stayed away from these things not because they don't matter but because I don't know how to handle them.

Garrison arrived today at about 10.00

P.M. I was slightly drunk when I met him as he was getting out of the car but I was really happy to see him. Great to know he is back - what a difference this will make. However he will probably spend a greater amount of time with his friend Jane again - Oh well at least when Andrew gets back we will have those jokes between us once more. I was waiting for Marne at dinner - I had already cooked him pasta with spaghetti sauce. This was Mike's and my meal for the night. It good to have him back in the caravan. Met Mike without - He remembers me.

Sunday 20th of June.

A bit depressed today. I find the position I am in very uncomfortable. I see people around me that I know but who I can't call real friends.

I am angry at them - the knowledge that they are better than me does not help. Not only are their social skills better but there also on a higher skill, and intellectual and emotional level than I can. I feel trapped in a way. Who I am is not really that good and I can't, nor want, do anything to change my ways.

My philosophy is taking its real and practical consequence - life is just followed by death, the end - that a depressing state. That makes it worse is when I realize that I am lacking (the qualities) that make life pleasant for so many other people. This drives me to look at others with greater paranoia than usual. Are they seeing me as an idiot? do they even care? or do they even know that I exist. I am 'good old' and 'decent' Rajan who does the 'right' thing always. This

I do not disagree with but it's just that I am not as funny as Andrew, as smart as and knowledgeable as Mike or as good in conversation as Gareth. I don't really exist for most of these people. I just do the right thing and then I disappear. 'Good ~~old~~ Ranjana' - (what a disappointment I am to my own self) - I wish the world would sometimes go away.

Worked on Richards Trench in the morning - mattocking away the peat so as to get the Moor humus. Also cleaned this afterwards and Richard as usual wanted me to clean it in a different way to what I had done. Well now I know that he wants methodical work to be carried out not quick work - although he prefers it to be quick. I think Richard actually asked that I remain with him (with Mike and Sue) however with the shortage of

people Mike refused this - besides French C was going to be planned.

Worked on Mike's trench after ~~work~~ break. He was removing rocks and getting us to clean up the mess methodically, checking for any possible finds. Gareth found them all - Mike came second.

I believe. Don - 60 years old, retired and President of the SAS. (I still can't believe that) was also in our trench - the worse. Didn't really get to know him any better - just knew his name.

I am being very bad here - thinking I am some kind of veteran who doesn't have to get to know these people. (what idiotic behaviour) I will try harder to get to know them tomorrow. I am sadly being too aloof these days maybe it is just the way I feel right now or just this creeping arrogance but I must get to know them instead of retreating into my shell.

Gareth was in our car on the way back as well as when we went to the site. Felt somewhat happier so I talked a bit more attempting to make cynical jokes. Just like Chris I need some discourse to make jokes and in larger groups I refuse to make much conversation or jokes (also depends on who is there)

I must make some dinner for a group of people. This is the reason for this is nothing but to impress people and to get a few individuals into this caravan. Gareth was talking about Burgers - I think I might be able to make something better with minced meat.

Back at the caravan site & we all had separate meals then (after taking our daily showers), I as usual stayed quiet. I don't like talking much when strangers are around. After twenty minutes I left for the Pub to make some phone calls. Unsurprisingly the phone bottles were

busy. So I left to Katia to find out how she was. She feels better but still she is not well enough to be on site.

Unsurprisingly the topic of Richard came up - Katia ~~goes~~ dislikes Richard but this I believe is only because Richard failed to recognize that Katia was a 'veteran'.

She is an experienced excavator and does not require any demonstrations on the basics ~~but~~ she ~~do~~ only requires instructions.

Richard might be criticised for speaking without thinking - I believe that this is either brought about by some arrogance (he does not care what other people have to say) or he is naive about his own behaviour (he does not recognize the strength of words, ~~and~~ uses them without thinking). I don't really care much about this - Richard

seems like a decent bloke. He is learning to supervise and in some ways we must give him a chance. I understand why Katia

feels like this but I also think we should give Richard a chance.

Katie is reading *Fengworld* - I asked her about this and she ~~said~~ said that she found Terry Pratchett books' difficult' to read. She advised me to read *Dune*. Maybe I will. I can't get her thoughts through 'body' reactions... Well, in some ways she likes me - well she did trip me when saying that I should read *Dune* - then she withdrew. I think she must have realized what she was going to do. She began to write her fieldwork notebook shortly afterwards - what a notebook. Shows she is a very organized person and to an extent very determined. However she has decided to keep some distance - my fault as well.

Monday 21st of June,

Every night it is the same old thing. I go out to the pub and get drunk.

I(- is not to the extent that I fall over and can't think or write properly but to the extent that I feel slightly light-headed. I used to never drink - well hardly and when I did I drank very little and hardly at all. I fear that I am getting used to the taste of beer. What is this? I used to hate the idea of drinking at all - but now I hardly care. I drink at night but I work very hard at the site - I must say that I thoroughly enjoy this routine.

Worked at Miter French (A) today. We removed the clumps of soil that were left over from the removal of the stones. I tried out my troweling skills but compared to Tess I feel that my section was not as clean. Mike said that I was doing a good job considering that there were so many stones but I know that I could have done better.

I found some slate and a large piece of ~~the~~ quartz. Not really a good day considering that I did not find the pottery or the first cist was found. I so wanted to find the pottery. However I knew what my role was. It's up to clean the area and as always I follow the rules.

I feel that my troweling technique is improving. I must keep working at it so that I end up with the cleanest surface. Oddly enough Mike (caveman) and I talked about this in the pub. Tess, Mike and Gareth must comprise of the best trowelers at site. I must become as good as they are.

Met up with the new people - Aaron, Tom and ?^{former} (forgot). Talk too much about the people in there own year - too much about sex. Very odd but

this is because these are the experiences that place them together - that define them. Aaron holds the center of attention - the storyteller, as Mike calls him - Mike says that he feels jealous of these qualities - I don't see why when Mike can do so well by himself. He actually wanted to know how I felt - whether I felt alienated from the group. Well I don't care much about these things - I am always quiet when I am surrounded by a group of strangers - not counting Mike and Katie of course. Katie again ~~touched me~~ tapped me on the leg saying that for some unknown reason I was ~~too~~ too robotic - no worshiping order. I agree I do like this order.

Tess was strangely talking more to me today. Why? Somehow I think she feels close to me why else would she

be talking to me. I admit she has a good laugh and some kind of distance and appreciation that makes her special. She is probably the best looking girl at the site. (I say this too often). (wonders about why she was so close to me in the car - touching her - felt a bit warm, knowing that she was next to me. What game might she be playing? - or am I incapable of understanding women - what a shame if the latter is true.)

The arrival of Mike's friends may be seen as leaving some of us longer term residents in a position of anxiety. Mike agreed with me on this. ~~He~~ I believe & myself see these new people as a threat to the system already organised. They are a new element which to me is quite unpredictable and carries the potential of disrupting the status quo. In a way I wish they

had never arrived but I believe that this feeling is always present when there are new arrivals. However here we have two three new people with three-four people already established. Some of us are bound to feel threatened when there is such a strong group.

Talked to Dr. Hamilton about my phosphate analysis - she said it went well. Then we talked about the site itself.

I said that I would miss the site once we finished. She agreed and told me about one last site observation on the site when we would take first walk from the site.

Tuesday 22nd of June

Woke up miserable. I get the feeling that my two flatmates are picking on my 'inventured' nature. I agree that for the most part I dislike all

aspects that represent the 'elite'. Mike is definitely a product of the 'elite' and if anything Garrett would appear to want to be part of this elite.

Went to the site in Mike's Van. I was in the back with Tom, one of the new people. I cracked jokes of going to prison. Well it did feel like that when the back doors at the back shut - With those metal grills the view to the outside was blocked. Well it doesn't matter - the ride was bumpy (the music - Southern Jazz) fill the prison scene & but it was enjoyable. I did miss the opportunity of being in Louis's car - in the back. Garrett and Louise at the front - Tess, myself and Mike at the back. What a blow when I heard that I would go in the back of Mike's van. I so wanted to go with them that

morning especially when for some reason I felt very miserable that morning.

Probably to & slightly too much drinking that night.

At site I worked on House 1.

Mike found some pottery - So did Gareth unfortunately I only found some slate and some quartz - Good enough I guess but I would have been really pleased to have found some flint or some pottery. However I realize that the point to excavation is not to find 'stuff' but to collect as much information as possible - Still it feels wrong/bad not to find anything.

We removed a spit from House one of approximately one inch (I can't get used to these measurements I prefer cm) we started off with one inch but we probably ended with one cm or less. Some squabbling and physical

discourse went on at the end of the day with Kafia complaining that I was taking up too much of her space. I was only trying to make sure that we were all going at the same speed. Something Garrett failed to carry out with his 'rushing' down the trench. I admit that he is fast but I sometimes wish that there was greater cooperation at the trench. Garrett's attitude sometimes pisses me off (I write this per next day as I didn't finish it that night, b/c I carry some trash in this 'episode')

Went off site and I came. We went to the Nashe exhibition (to do with Bodkin Hood (StoneWorld)). The anarchist mostly have away the food. I did not walk around much at all - just ate and drank. Sat next to (ex) and (like). However (ex)

I was too depressed to converse with either. I get into these stupid and self-destructive moods sometimes - even when I could pull off a smile I sometimes push myself to failure.

Tess enjoys the company of Mike - I can't compete with Mike - He has better jokes, is more lively and is in touch with what 'young people' like and do. I guess I felt that since I have no chance toighter, well fill myself with the momentary joys of depression.

Mike and Sue decided to leave earlier - Even the Vicks went to a funeral (stuffy grey). & I listened to Jen's Socialist talk and Chris' Tilley overly long one. Nearly slept through the first (I am not saying this out of some malice but you all do go on to read this) I enjoy anthropology

However I do not enjoy what Crisp is doing (I see little point). The Rider brick was Mrs. Sheppard who talked to me and I felt great knowing that they would talk so openly to a student excavator - Oh yes - Nor not Moor (stupid mistake due to ignorance)

Back at the Gravon site Mike and Gareth were discussing the issue of Cornish nationalism. I sometimes wish I had the gift of clear communication. I failed to make my point, resting too much on 'moral' language rather than clear facts. They dismissed my point quickly and correctly (which I could not make a stronger enough point). They also believe that Cornwall is not truly democratic just because the majority does not vote - and the majority is a name of numbers.

The views of the majority - though they voted - they don't offer an alternative. I am thinking therefore of people who are Republicans. They are individuals who dislike the idea of giving up certain freedoms for the good of society. I know I am being biased here but the nature of such behaviour is somewhat repugnant. Where is sacrifice? Where is pride and honour? I don't like people who stand only for their own benefits. I fear I might pick on these aspects to concentrate further problem with Mike and Gareth. It is incredible I feel a tug of division - I must resist and do what is right for all of us. It will be my fault if any trouble occurs. (Can't help being pissed off with them to some extent. Do I feel threatened or am I jealous of their social skills?)

That night I went to sleep early - well 11.30 PM. If Andrew was there we would have slept by 11.00 PM. (I am surprised at the stability Andrew brought to the caravan). I went to sleep as I woke up - miserable. To an extent I was also feeling slightly angry. I could feel it welling up in me. So easy to turn despair and grief into anger. I hoped that the early sleep would ease one of what I was feeling.

Wednesday 23rd of June.

There are six basic perfections in Buddhism.

1. Perfection of giving
2. Perfection of Patience
3. Perfection of Vigor
4. Perfection of Meditation
5. Perfection of morality
6. Perfection of wisdom

These perfections form a possible basis for enlightenment - they are the first steps towards it and the beginning of a long journey - which according to buddhism may might take countless lives.

Re relevant to the day is that I found myself writing the perfection on my paper during the ride to the site. I was traveling with Louise, Tess, Mike and Garrett. The last three were at the back of the car. In a way I was happy that this was the case. It gave me some solitude while reinforcing my suspicions of their betrayal (these of course are products of my overly paranoid mind - I accept them - doing something about it is another thing). Journey to the site was quiet - hardly anyone spoke and I felt happy that no one did. (I know that this is somewhat off point)

pleasure taken from the knowledge of others suffering). It was on the way to the site that I wrote the first six ~~as~~ perfections on my hand. Reminding myself that with them is my mind I may concentrate on what needs to be done instead of starting something that might lead to trouble.

Waited to the site by myself - praying that no one would approach me and start talking to me. The only thing I wanted was some solitude so that I would not experience my address. I knew and to an extent I still know that I have lost. Toss me off walking with Garret - I cursed to myself about Garret's self confident manner and how easily he burns with people. I at points cursed Garret for these 'better' qualities. Like was not far off from my mind when I

did this. This situation is unbearable. It is most responsible for this misery I feel. The knowledge that I can't do anything about it and due to my self imposed rigidity that I won't do anything about it. Off they were walking slightly ahead of me at the beginning & the distance grew longer as I made sure that I walked slower. 'Who care's' I told myself. Tess is out of my reach and will always be. It is better this way anyway (How cleverly I try to justify my position). It is this that drives me to follow ideals. But for the most part we abstract to the individual - making me it to this unrecognizable 'thing' that is out of touch with most people.

His site work was very slow & the rain arrived at times (though never as bad as in the first week) and when it

did not those darned ridges begin to
suck our blood. I decided to put the
waterproofs on and keep moving.

We partially refilled French B. I put the
rocks with Argus, Telly and Katrin while
Loretta, Acorn and Tom carried heavier
loads at first and then refilled the

trench with soil. I ~~don't~~ don't know
how to behave around Tess. As I never
show much emotion for the most part
and I am sure that she is losing
interest. How sad - it is all my fault.
If I could stay a half day out without
or water her back I would be a hero.
Well lost it.

What kind of cross is this? My rock
is not clean (scratches like an octopus)
and I have these things cut out of
us because that was it before I joined.
I wish I could still do it to save on
my work and wages about it. I want

but I will when I leave site.

Other than to worked in the French, mostly cleaned it. People said that the day was dull - I also felt the day was the same as any other. What was so dull about today? I wonder whether it was the company - the monotony of the day or something else like the depressing weather. Sometimes I remind myself of the perfections - it may comfort for the way. Driving out the desire that monotony rose in me.

Dog ended quite late - 5.30. Nearly a world end the day at 5.15 so government lot of people, including staff, buying, around the vicinity. No writing, no ride in bus, didn't even walk. I had up from 11.00 to 12.00 and I left the house with Miss. Mary Bell. Didn't eat, especially because I was so tired. Just went to the supermarket and bought some food. Then I went to the supermarket again and bought some more food. I think I spent about 1000 rupees.

the wheelbarrow. He left it loaded with
too much dirt to and dropped stuff
on the way. B. L. and I thought about

At the toolshed I arrived with
Paul Andrew complained that the tools
were not broken - Andrew said "I'd
broken them". I asked Andrew if he
was right and said "you would have been
when I left you last night because
I was still running over the chair
and it was a big mistake. I would
say it could be Andrew who spilt the
paint this over Egg. He was attempting
to cover his mistakes and I wonder
if that's what happened. I don't expect
it to be correct though."

I decided on the way back to
buy Andrew and Andrew a drink. I felt
sorry that they were feeling threatened.
I bought four people their drinks that
night. Andrew Mayfield was missing.

from the pub but I soon noticed why that was when I went to get him. I saw Andrew talking to Tess from the outside of her caravan. I decided not to reveal myself and walked back to the pub. Had a cheerful night playing a few games of pool. Mike and Garrett decided to go to Port Isaac with Jane and Louise. Didn't feel like going with them, it just a bit too much of their company and I needed to explore the other groups at the caravan site. The perfections were no longer on my palm.

Thursday 24th of June.

Today began as miserable as any other day. I got up knowing that I had very close to alienation with Garrett and Mike - (I mean I did what was police and right to do). By digesting further of Garrett's talk of

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this and that. Gareth is a wise guy.
He likes to show that he knows...
just about everything. Other he just
talks about anything other than what
he knows and would never get passionate
about things so I generally do... change
a talker rather than a listener.

In a way, he tries to dominate the
conversation - not so they meet other
people. At the site, coming down the
cableway, along with his reputation of being
Gareth was left off, after one minute
saying 'oh shut up'. Just enabling
of course, but not to be first goes
fars. On the opposite of our world
also, other everyone will be riding
their cableway and most used to try
to get close to these guys. I believe
that Gareth, definitely feels threatened
by being with other people. In a
final, you will see a different side of him

to know everything now and won't be able to hold everyone's attention. I feel very guilty about this - I consider hereth a close friend (close enough, well sort of can be called a friend)

I was fighting the urge to accuse in stupid emotion in regards to Tess. I felt weak and somewhat rejected by everyone - still I maintained an outward calm. Tess' presence was not helping me at all but somehow I managed to eradicate this 'stupidity' from myself for the night - the day was not good at all - I stayed quiet, did my work and had small naps during the day and hardly much.

I get the feeling that both those men were involved in some sort of public, family secret. I really like the younger one - I am sure that explains the attraction. What do you think?

Kerry asked me if I was O.K. Kerry
was next to him and I had just
got back after a visit to the toilette.

I tried my best to present that I
didn't know what they were talking
about.

Katia really pissed me off today.
I admit that I was the one to start
it by saying that what she claimed to
be good novels (but remember the
exact word) - no, good literature,
was a load of bollocks. Then Tess
(we were staying with her) and Katia had
written in a book to which I said that
anyone would do that. Katia and Tess
asked me to tell a story so I told
them a jataka story about the
arrival of Buddhism to Sri Lanka. But
they wanted was a real up-to-date wives
I could not produce. I lied that
sportswear, but most sane people

so charismatic. Katia called me a big
pretender. This was the first incident
and it only fed my growing dislike of
Katia. Then afterwards I was staying
with Katia when Gareth dumped his
bucket next to mine (he was without
a handle) and knocking over (this
water, in a few minutes pissed me off).
I decided to take Katias empty
bucket (I should have thought about
this a bit more) and shout at
Katia was we played and shouted at
her to return the bucket. Everyone could
see this and being unfavorable to
any conflict I decided to go back and
return it. I really do things at
this point kinda near to telling Katia to
f*** off. I didnt though, instead
I humbled myself and took the verbal
coring she had given me. (I would have
told her to f*** off really). I just

stand her - she goes on and on about a load of shit, is too orientated to talking about sexual matters (doesn't she have any share at all). If there is anyone I could claim to dislike it is probably her (comes very very close sometimes). I am beginning to dislike some people - I hear the call for more space, so that I can escape their... moribund discourse.

That night there was a small party at Andrew's. Andrew was seriously drunk. All of Caravan seven (Tess, Jane, Louise and Tania) attended with a few more individuals from various other caravans. All of us from Caravan 15 also attended - when Mite and I got there we found that it was too crowded so we decided to sit outside with Katia and Marion. It was very boisterous inside. Andrew, Tess and Patrick were running,

around and dancing. I refused to join in.

The Party in Andrews was broken when Sam Watkins, the proprietor of the caravan, broke up the ~~on~~ caravans and warned those inside that they should stop. Well we did, we moved to the pub.

People from the excavation were already in the pub - dancing. It was here that I noticed the 'closedness' between Patrick and Tess. I started to swear to myself, at this point I was slightly drunk. I guess Tess the physio must at some stage have said before that she was at the beginning of things. I agree as she does try to attract the eye of people (well might not, she is quite striking anyway). What I can't believe is that Patrick (I keep using bad language after that move) managed to carry himself so easily. I mean I will remember that guy for a long time (not in my good way of course). However

something good did care of this. No longer do I find an attractive quality in Paul. In fact I fear can just about manage to think of some distasteful characteristics. However, is this same kind of way that I like to cope? I believe that it is, it is like the Fox and the grapes. Too bitter for me, not impossible to reach. Gareth and Mike were talking about this quality the next morning, Gareth seemed to have reached the same conclusion.

I myself was 'smashed out of my head' that night. The hint however that I danced lots (as I'm literally carried off by Tom and Richard to the dance floor) has led, until I was there I tried to maintain what got by, paying attention to what new happenings would be. Then as people moved and how they behaved

and of course with whom. So when I made the
butane tank I was maintained.

When I sat down E drank again
and started talking about Buddhism,
I still don't remember what I said.
I was talking to Steve, Angus and
Louise - I can't believe I talked so
much nonsense. However I don't feel
ashamed at nothing I said was rude or
incorrect. I just hope he doesn't think I'm
some kind of nutter.

Dragged off to bed by Mike and
(under the orders of the first year)
vomited twice (how sick especially
since I had to clean up the vomit
on the caravan) still feeling the effects
(Friday).

Friday 25th of June.

Felt very tired and ill when I woke
up. Mike and Gareth woke up first

as they (Louise, Jane, Katia, Garrett and Mike) decided to go off to Padstow.

I had decided the day before not to go along by offering Katia my seat. At the time I wanted some distance from Mike and Garrett, and I wonder why now (27th June). I guess it is something to do with their over-powerful characters - that is their continuous joking and talking and holding the center of the conversation always and placing me in the periphery - revealing my inferior social character. anyway I had to get some distance for my own good as well as theirs.

In the morning I did the washing up and talked outside of Tinkers Way with Andrew, Richard and Tess. They held some distance from Mrs Jackson's conversation with Richard. The more I talk to Richard the more distant

and pleasant people. I see no reason why people would dislike his character. In many ways he reminds me of myself... but then everyone has some characteristic which could be linked to motives.

Tess was aloof... but then she must be assuming the role she must play. I wondered what it was that drew Tess to Patrick. Was it some kind of authority that Patrick had? Now he is in a position that made him desirable - I don't know and neither does Gareth (surprisingly). Sharon also turned up and talked mainly with Richard - I remembered just about everything that happened the night before. Talking to Sharon and Angus (I focused on my inability to communicate (or was it?)) and my success (or only saying) few of the six perfections. Tess and Gareth left at about 11.00 PM, just before I started talking to Richard and the others.

That day was marked with me being

late for just about everything. For example I was late for the lunchtime meal at the Massons Arms (in Llanidloes) arriving at about 3.00 PM, when everyone else was leaving and the lunch's were over.

I found myself a small diner-tiffing and had myself a omelette and some milk shakes. The omelette would have been fine but I felt slightly queasy and sick. I could taste the raw eggs in my mouth, this thought made things worse. Spent the time reading writing my journal and looking out of the window.

Went to the park (opposite) afterwards. Read Robert Jordan etc. I tried to get some sleep. As always I got that half sleep which did not cure my tiredness and left me groggy and queasy for the return home.

I decided to get myself some bed ticks, these I bought from the shop at the

corner side) and play with whoever wanted a game. Andrew and Ken were the first to play. Apparently Ken was part of a badminton team I visited Andrews. (6) played regularly. I was not impressed with their playing. They did not move around much and missed too many shots - this would do it to beginning players. Badminton is like fencing... the racquet is moved swiftly by your hand so as to defend your space. I enjoy the ability to make leaping moves - that is a jump around and as tired fall down to feel that you are doing something. Kenneth joined me later that day. I am very impressed with his ability... for a beginner he shows much promise.

All in all, happy to have been invited over for dinner. The Andrews are very good people. Andrew is interested in teaching (which is a career point, see below). They have collected photos from the

hill, stringing them together to form a long chain of bullets. The person behind this being to beat Mike unprovoked at one was the most bullets. I was dragged away to help them out with this bullet collection by making a long chain of bullets.

Andrew M and Andrew L are close friends. They have their own world to attack they may revert to, especially in terms of experience. I felt for the most part left out of the talking but then I am always left out of the communication. I don't mind especially since I no longer care about this aspect.

The day ended better than it had begun. I still felt somewhat alienated but not as much. Playing Roberts with Garrett with his cell phone to watch the music video and I later I still don't look back as good as I did when I was 10. I am 20 now. I feel

as if I am in my own world - observing what goes on around me but always standing back ... waiting ... watching ... understanding. (I only say this out of my morbid characteristics)

Saturday 26th of June

Woke up slightly less miserable than usual. The effects of my alienation are clearly diminishing. I feel that this was brought about by a suspicion of other people and the awareness of some social inferiority. I was very happy to know that Andrew would be back today ... right at the end of the funeral and a return to the good old days when both his old and new wives were present.

I spent the day in dictating from an old manuscript I deliberately kept only from papers especially some people. The book has to go off to